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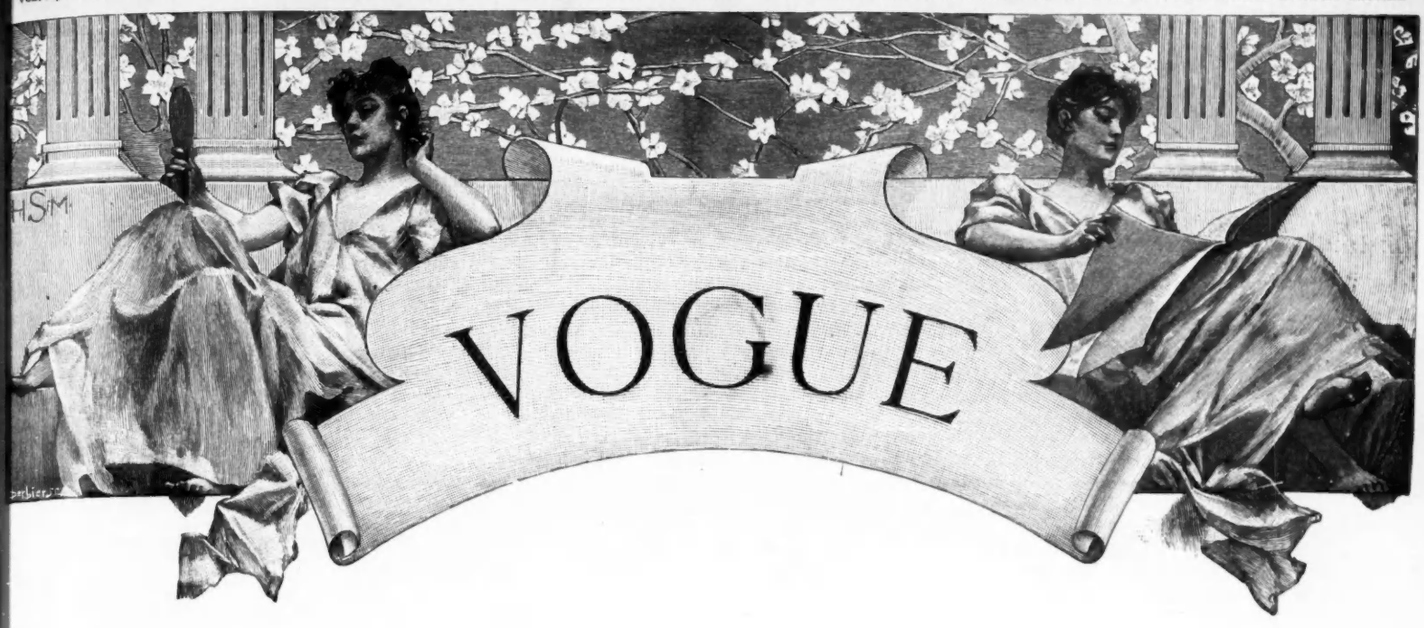

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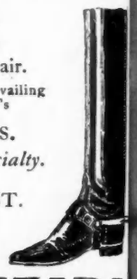

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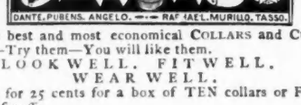

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VOLUME II, NO. 3 (WHOLE NO. 31), 15 JULY, 1893

VOGUE

SOMETHING TO FALL BACK ON

JACK: "My darling, I want to tell you something. I have deceived you. I am not rich, but utterly penniless. Will it make any difference to you?"

ETHEL: "Not the slightest, Jack."

JACK: "I am so glad, dearest. Are you quite sure it will make no difference to you?"

ETHEL: "Quite sure. I can marry old Moneybags."

RESULT OF A TWISTING PROCCESS
NOT: "What makes Grimes shaped so like a corkscrew?"
DOT: "His wife's constant twisting him around her little finger."

MY CIGARETTE

WHo when my worst ill luck occurs
My grievings soothe, and also does
Enrobe my tongue in heavy furs?
My cigarette.

When to my mind ambition sends
Great hopes, who rose hues to them lends,
And gold hues to my finger ends?
My cigarette.

Who leads my muse to heights sublime,
Who helps to guide my rippling rhyme,
Who makes my heart beat out of time?
My cigarette.

And though I spurn with all my might,
Who yet comes back and feels no spite,
Who is it I'll give up to-night?
My cigarette.

L. Brewer.

WHICH IS A REFLECTION

JONES (to intoxicated friend): "Good Heavens! man, here's your wife. Let's turn back."

HIS FRIEND: "No (hic) she'll never she us. She's looking at her reflection in the windows to she if her hat's (hic) on straight."

WHAT WE ALL DO

"Do you smoke?"

"Not nowadays. I just steam."

EASILY NAMED

"CAn you name anything which the United States imports from Ireland?" asked the teacher.

"Yes'm," replied Johnny Cumso, promptly. "Policemen."

THE SECRET OF THE NON-PROVINCIALISM OF NEW YORK

ELMER: "What makes New York so cosmopolitan?"

DIX: "It's the climate. We get it from all over the world on the same day."

HE HAD DONE IT BEFORE

CUMSO: "Compose yourself, my dear sir."

CAWKER: "But I am already a self-made man."

NOT IN STOCK

CHOLLY: "I want a pair of the smallest sized gloves you have got."

CLERK: "Sorry, sir; but we don't keep them."

POSTED

COUNT JUSTCOME-OVER: "How varry rude dose young society leddies in Amerique spik to dose young men."

MURRAY HILL: "Indeed? Do you think so? Have you met many of them?"

COUNT JUSTCOME-OVER: "Not one, saire, but I haf read your journals comique."

HER RETORT

ANGRY HUSBAND: "I'm sorry I married you."

ANGRY WIFE: "Well, I'm sure I never asked you to."

(Husband is speechless.)

"I FEEL LIKE AN ALCOHOLIC CHAMOIS. I'M BOUND FROM JAG TO JAG."

REFUSAL OF PROPOSAL
(5th of Series)

THE NEEDLESS QUESTION

A STUDY IN ITS SKILFUL USE

MAY: A brilliant Conversationalist.
EDITH: Another brilliant Conversationalist.

MAY (rising as Edith enters the parlor): "So you are in, dear? I'm awfully glad!"

EDITH (putting a very necessary inquiry): "Why, is it you, May?"

MAY: "Yes, I didn't have my card case with me, you know."

EDITH (brilliantly): "Oh, was that why you didn't send up your card? I couldn't understand the name the girl gave me."

MAY: "Couldn't you? How funny! I just ran in here out of the rain; I'm afraid my hat is ruined."

EDITH (drawing a daring inference): "Didn't you have an umbrella with you?"

MAY: "No; did you ever see such a goose! I must have left it home. I lost one last week, anyway."

EDITH (interestedly): "Where did you lose it?"

MAY: "I don't know."

EDITH (naturally astonished): "You don't know!"

MAY: "No; I must have left it somewhere, I suppose."

EDITH: "And you haven't found it yet? Isn't that too bad, dear? Oh, by the way, are you going to Mrs. Van Ogden's dance next Thursday?"

MAY (jumping at a skilful conclusion): "Oh, does she give a dance?"

EDITH (still more skilfully): "Yes; aren't you invited?"

MAY: "No; are you?"

EDITH: "Yes; it will be great fun. I know she must have meant to ask you, dear. Oh, did you hear of the death of Mr. Ford's little boy?"

MAY (with a thirst for information): "Has Mr. Ford a son?"

EDITH: "Yes; a son and a daughter."

MAY: "Why, is he married?"

EDITH: "Didn't you know that? He married a Baltimore girl."

MAY: "Oh, yes, I remember; she was from the south, wasn't she?"

EDITH: "Yes, I guess so. She was awfully pretty."

MAY: "Rather handsome, wasn't she? with a very sweet musical voice?"

EDITH: "Did you ever meet her?"

MAY: "Oh, yes, at the Winslows' one evening."

EDITH: "Do you know them?"

MAY: "Why, yes, indeed; Kitty and I are old school friends."

EDITH: "Did she go to Madam North's, too?"

MAY: "Yes; we used to room together."

EDITH: "Oh, then, you must have been room-mates! Weren't you?"

MAY (suddenly): "Why, Edith, is that another new dress?"

EDITH: "Mercy, no! It's only my old mauve serge."

L. L. ROUSH.

XUM

MAY: "I should never have known it! Did you have it made over?"

EDITH: "That little seamstress I picked up did it."

MAY: "Have you a seamstress? You must lend her to me. Is she clever? I want her if she can do work like that."

EDITH: "Do you like the way she has fixed it?"

MAY: "It's perfectly lovely. (Rising) But I must be going."

EDITH (hospitably): "Oh, must you go?"

MAY: "Yes; it has stopped raining and I'm in an awful hurry."

EDITH: "Why, have you anything to do?"

MAY: "Lots, dear! I can't wait another minute. Come and see me some time, dear. Good-by!"

EDITH: "Are you really going? (Kissing her) Good-by."

MAY (putting her hand on the knob): "Is this the door? Good-by!"

EDITH (as the door opens): "Yes, can you open it? Well: Good-by!"

MAY: "Good-by!"

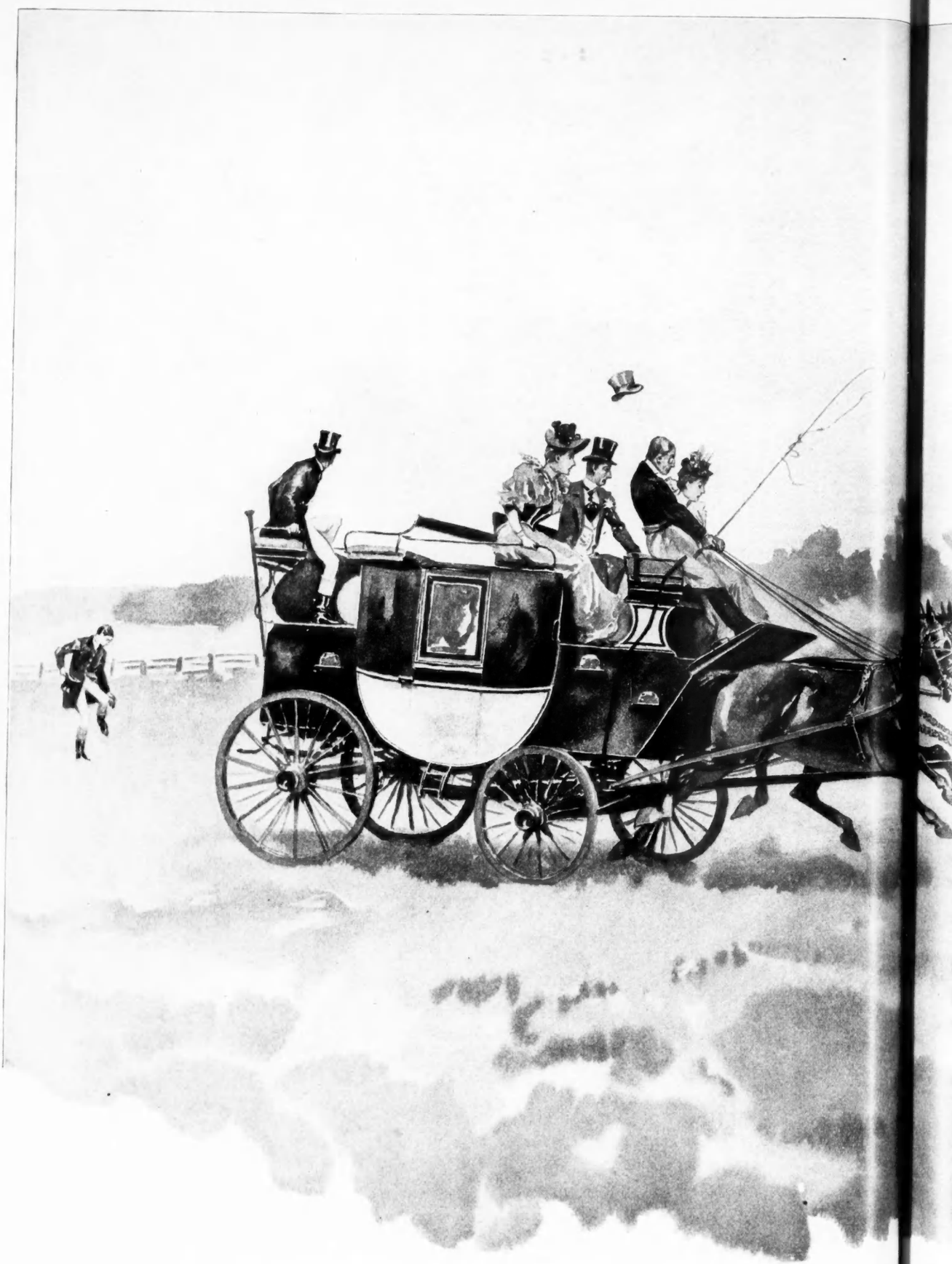
Harry Romaine.

WITH A SPRAY OF APPLE BLOSSOMS

THe promise of these fragrant flowers,
The fruit that 'neath these blossoms lies,
Once hung, they say, in Eden's bowers
And tempted Eve in Paradise.

Oh, fairest daughter of Eve's blood,
Lest her misprision thine should be
I've nipped temptation in the bud
And send this snowy spray to thee.

Walter Learned.



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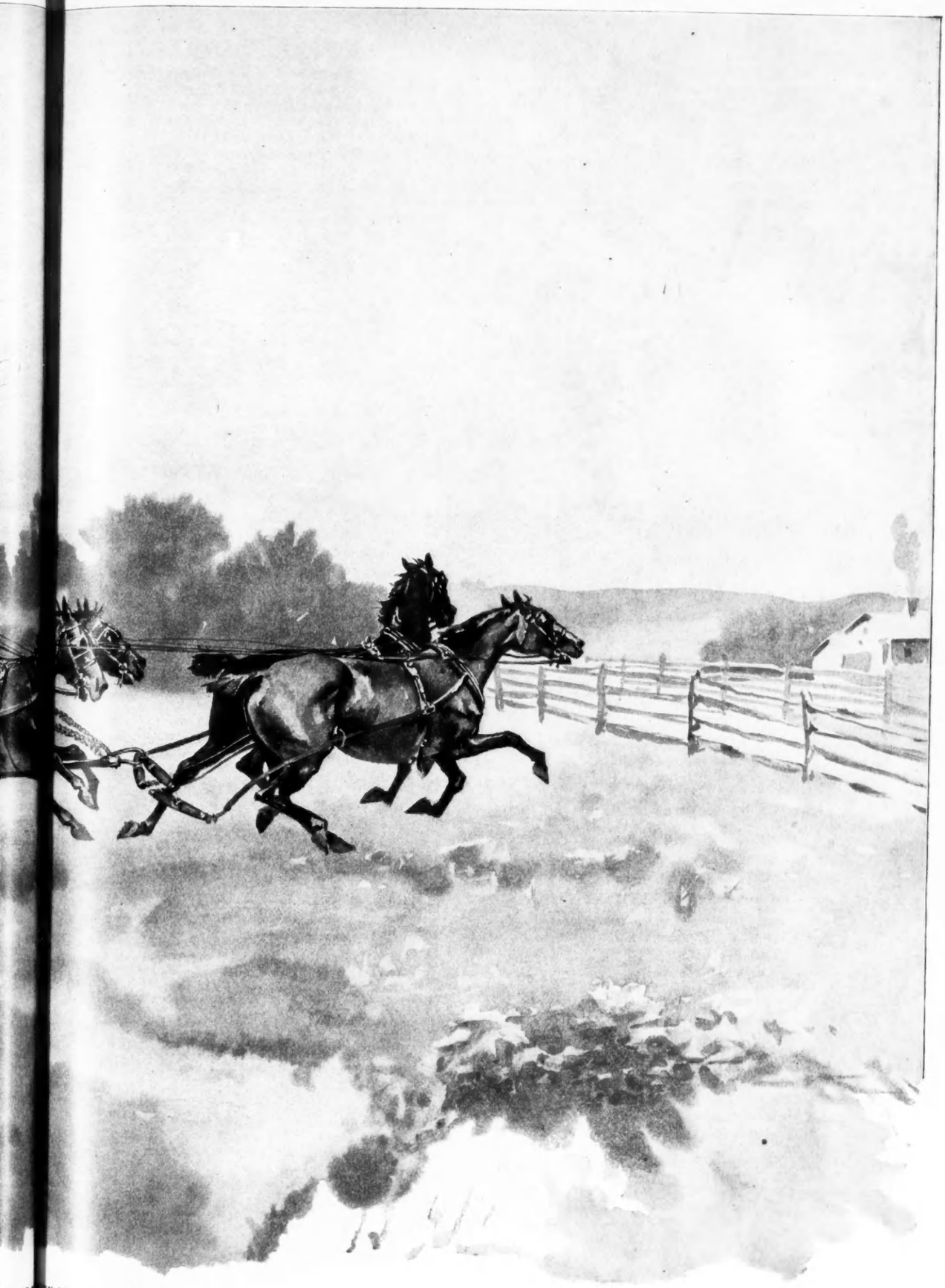

RES OF [illegible]N BY A GENTLEMAN

A METAPHOR

You come sweet summer-girl once more;
Once more do I rehearse
Of metaphor my scanty store
Since you inspire the verse.

You are—though slowly I begin
I speedily give o'er—
A sunbeam and a whirlwind in
A millinery store.

Philander Johnson.

A MOMENTOUS SUBJECT

With knitted brows she sits perplexed.
I wonder what can be
The knotty problem that has vexed,
Her calm serenity?

What deep suggestion clouds her brain,
And dims her pretty eyes,
And stings her with the subtle pain
Of being over-wise?

Can she have let her instinct grasp
A question that o'erwhelms
Her soul, and leaves it there to gasp
In reason's frigid realms?

At last she speaks, in accents low:
"I've no idea at all.
Oh, bother! I should like to know,
What they will wear next fall!"

GAVE HIM NO CHANCE

"Why did everybody laugh so long over that story of old Boreby's? It wasn't a bit funny."

"They were afraid he would tell another, if they kept quiet."

NO DOUBT OF IT

QUERICUS: "I wonder who originated the word 'henpecked.'"

WITTICUS: "Can't say. The first rooster I should imagine."

THE IMPECUNIOUS SUITOR: "Do you believe in love in a cottage?"

THE WEALTHY WIDOW: "Yes; if it's a hundred thousand dollar one at Newport or Lenox."

TRUE

Altho' the Turkish bath at first
Receives one rather drily,
It loses, soon, its cold reserve,
And 'steems you very highly.

MAIDEN MOONSHINE

"Where shall you go, Miss Bess," he asked,
"This summer-tide beguiling?"
"To London, Paris, and at last
To Rome," she answered, smiling.

And will she go abroad? Alas,
'Twas but a sweet pretense, sir;
'Twas London, Conn., and Paris, Mass.,
And Rome, N. Y., she meant, sir!

EXILED IN PARIS

Elsie was standing at the fountain side, gazing thoughtfully into the play of waters. From the broad windows of the executive chamber of the conventual school of St. Germain, the Mère Supérieure glanced down into the luxuriant gardens flanked by ivied walls that would stay even an ambitious old-time Lothario, muttering over her reports, her calm benignant face illuminated on one side by the sunbeams through the little panes, darkened on the other by a serious questioning. The Mère Supérieure was

the Nestor of that conservative institution which counted among its pupils the daughters of noblemen and the best families of England, and a picking from the ultra-exclusive Faubourg St. Germain of Paris. She knew the maiden heart as the beadsman knows his breviary. She could say the beads of every girlish sentiment and passion, every longing and caprice; and in matters of casuistry was the last court of appeal.

When the Mère Supérieure looked out of the little panes and saw the still, straight figure of the American girl hemmed in by towering rose-bushes in bloom and rare exotics, she was troubled. "Sister Maria," she said softly to one of her adjutants who sat by, "has Mademoiselle Peel received any letter of late other than from her father?"

"Love, perhaps!" ventured the aide in a whisper, as if the word meant treason and blasphemy.

"Oh, no! I know that disease without a diagnosis."

"But you remember the mirror-signal flirtation of the beautiful young Countess La Brun which ended in her elopement with——"

"Tut! tut! That was a tradition of the school which it was everybody's strict duty to remember to forget."

"A religious problem, then," followed the other, perceiving that she had given offense by uncovering an old wound.

"No; that's another symptom again. It is not that."

"A forbidden book under her pillow."

"Impossible. I have searched. See her down there!

OUT OF THE QUESTION

ANNABEL: "Charley Flyrte is a contemptible creature, but I remember when you thought otherwise. Last summer, at Newport."
MIRABEL (plaintively): "You are unjust. How could I know what kind of a man he was when I was engaged to him?"

The younger sister looked up quickly as if the sentence were a challenge or an impeachment. "Oh, Mère Supérieure!" she exclaimed, "how could you ask that when you know that I would as soon open the Rue d' Aigle gates to that hoard of serenading students from the Polytechnique as to suffer a stranger's letter to reach one of our pupils without your perusal."

The imperial dictator returned her glance to the still figure at the fountain side. "It is very strange," she said. "These little darlings of independence from a land of plenty over the seas—ah, Sister Maria, they get strange things into their little heads. Saints! I thought I knew every symptom of the maiden heart, often administering a remedy before the symptom disclosed itself. But this petite Americaine seems to move in a world apart of late. It is puzzling."

. . . She is suffering. . . . I must communicate with her father. . . ."

But the beautiful young girl wrapped in thought at the fountain-side, took a turn about the play of waters as if the monotonous sound gave her a sense of relief. Then she clasped her hands behind her, burying herself in a little rose-bower at the end of the narrow lane. There was a letter tucked in her bosom, and it burned.

Elsie Peel was a girl to whom patriotism was something more than a convenient habit to be donned or laid aside at will. With her a genuine love of country was inborn and deep; and by long residence abroad the noble sentiment had been kept close to the surface, increasing with her ripening womanhood. This may be partially explained by the fact that she was a daughter of "the mother of statesmen," Virginia; and for the first twelve years of her life the his-

XUM

MRS. ROBERT LA MARR

tory, the traditions and the patriotism of the pivotal state during its wars were ground into her very soul. It was at this age that the death of her mother changed her whole course of life; and when, a year later, her father, upon one of his periodical visits to the old mansion, suffered a violent quarrel to separate him from his dead wife's family, he took Elsie away from those the child had grown to love and placed her in a convent school in the historic suburbs of Paris.

It was a beautiful spot, luxury and loveliness everywhere, conducive to sweet pure thoughts and gentle ennobling aspirations. For a time the novelty of the change gave her such pleasure that she forgot all the past in the illumination of the present. But soon came a pining for those dear to her: first of all her father, who wrote her bi-monthly and came to see her every year; second, the old folks of the old Colonial plantation, to whom she had so often written and never had reply (the letters never passing out of the convent walls, by paternal orders), and lastly her country, whose symbol as she saw it wide-waving on fête days she greeted with tearful reverence. It is compulsion that brings out our hidden qualities. Patriotism for one's fatherland may lie dormant in the heart; but once be denied the privilege of entering its sacred precincts, and the heart leaps out toward it with passion and sincerity. Poor little Elsie soon began to look upon "home" as a sort of heaven reserved for her only after death; and as the worshipper bows and kisses a shrine, so every little token within reach brought a kiss from those innocent lips—a picture of American life, a postage stamp, a rose. The good sisters smiled, and said nothing—they who had given up the world in their zeal for Christ. But now a letter lay upon sweet Elsie's bosom, and it was not from her father.

The next morning Sister Maria hurried down the corridor of the great convent toward the executive chamber. Her face was pale with fear and amazement. There was a letter in her hands. The Mère Supérieure was muttering over some accounts, and as the Sister cried out an invocation to the Virgin as she crossed the threshold, her principal glanced up.

"Oh, Mère Supérieure! I implore you do not blame me; for I have exercised all watchfulness. It was not my fault, God be my witness!"

"Be calm, my child!" The voice was stern and cold.

"It came just now—a letter, oh, do not lay it to me—it was not my fault. You know the young man from the Consulate in Paris who called with those papers twice and saw Mam'selle Peel for only a half hour, Mère Supérieure—only a half hour, and in my presence; but they have been in weekly correspondence ever since——"

The imperial dictator arose, towering up as if to snatch down a thunderbolt to suit the measure of her wrath. She tried to speak but could not.

"It was by imitating the envelope, handwriting and post-marks of her father's letters, which I have, of course, handed to her unopened. But they have increased of late,

LITTLE GIRL: "What is a dead letter, Mamma?"
MAMMA: "One that has been given to your father to mail."

and the fellow was getting careless in his counterfeit. See! here is the envelope—and here—this—this!"

The Mother Superior stared at the crumpled sheet, read the words, "My life, I love you! Fear nothing; but watch and wait, I shall yet accomplish——" then her heart beat so violently with mortification and alarm that she sank back and bowed her head as if in prayer.

The sister stood beside her trembling and murmuring incoherent pleadings and protestations, "Before God——"

"Leave me; I absolve you!"

The poor young postulant sank upon her knees, kissing her confessor's hand with gratitude unutterable, then she stole away as one from about whom a cloud is lifted.

It was fully an hour before the Mother Superior could hold a pen steadily enough to write the one line across the seas, which ended, "You are commanded to come immediately and take your daughter away. It is compulsory."

Daniel Peel answered the summons. He came, that tall, military man, one who looked down upon woman; pitied and loved her, but only as an inferior creature. The meeting was very touching; the poor child throwing herself in her father's arms with his first glance of secure hope as if he were the Rock of Ages. "But tell me about it, my child," he repeated again and again, cutting short her incoherence. "How could you do such a thing without——"

"Oh, don't reprove me. I had no one to open my heart to—not even to you. You have made me a prisoner here, far from my own home and country. Your letters were so forced and strange, I could not confide in them. You were cruel. You tried to make a saint of me when I am but human. I did wrong—not in loving him, God knows my heart is right there—but in this secret correspondence—and—and——"

"But, my little one, how do you know that after bringing dishonor to the school and pain to me, you are not making the grand error of your life? What do you know of him? Is he worthy of you?"

"Of me?—of me? Oh, I would that I could tell you how more than worthy of me! He is so good, so true, noble and brave . . . and I love him—you must not forget that!"

"Nor do I forget that you have seen him but twice in your life, though in weekly correspondence. Why, any villain can play the saint on paper——"

"Oh, don't say that—not that. Go to him. Here is his address. Oh, he will right everything. Forgive him, and me—forgive me, my good, kind father; for I am miserable—not that I have done wrong, but that I cannot see why to love and to be loved is a crime. Go to him—now, to-day."

But if the meeting between father and daughter was painful, that between Robert La Marr, assistant secretary of the Consulate, was in contrast. Daniel Peel expected to find a clever scoundrel, or a puny office-snipe, but ran up against a young Ohio lad of seven-and-twenty who had the faculty of looking a thunderbolt out of countenance with the calm glance of the diplomat.

"I am Daniel Peel," said the new-comer, upon which the other paled a trifle, but smiled that baby smile which said, "I don't care if you're the devil; I'm your match!" Then they shook hands. The interview lasted two days by half-hour snatches, now in the Consulate secret chamber, now over the lunch-table, supplemented by reference-hunting. Finally Daniel Peel brought the matter up short like a court-martial.

"Mr. La Marr," he said, across the Secretary's private table strewn with documents, "you say that you love my daughter." The young man vowed that there was no gainsaying it. "Then you will undergo a sacrifice for her?"

"Ah, yes; for one so beautiful and good, what sacrifice would not be a divine privilege and pleasure, proving the measure of my love!"

"Very well, Mr. La Marr, I am going to give you my daughter in marriage, with a dowry of one hundred thousand in cash upon the nuptial day, which must be before I sail, ten days hence!"

The young man leaped forward, clasping the other's hands, tears of gratitude and broken words bespeaking his bounding heart.

"But"—the words were like a pistol-shot—"upon one condition, Mr. La Marr; one unalterable condition!"

The young man relaxed his grasp in consternation. What might it be?

"Write!" The trembling lover wrote:

"'I, Robert La Marr, pledge myself before God and upon my honor as a gentleman, that in taking in marriage Elsie, daughter of Daniel Peel, born in wedlock and of unquestionably respectable parentage, I shall never return to America, nor suffer my wife that is to be, to return thither during the natural life or for a period of ten years after the death of the said Daniel Peel, her father.'"

"Now sign it!"

The young diplomat arose, drew a deep breath, and, ere his hand faltered upon the signature, faced his dictator. Then he sat stupefied, while Daniel Peel arose nervously, stamped his foot like a war-horse, and passed on to the door.

"I will be here to-morrow at ten. You have twenty hours in which to sign, and no questions asked nor answered. There is no appeal. It is imperative, unconditional. Good day, sir!"

It was twenty hours of struggle. Not that the young Ohioan was at all over-patriotic, for he liked Paris too well to give America much thought. Then Americans, too, think that they carry a small epitome of their country in their pockets sufficient for the day. Then came a meeting with Elsie; and with a sweet, trustful, adoring little woman, suddenly restored to health by the miracle of love and hope, what young lover will not swear away eternity? . . . . . When Daniel Peel called at ten o'clock the following morning the ink had been many hours dry on that signature. Robert La Marr and wife to be were exiles.

The marriage was hasty—unseemly so. The bride's trousseau was mostly composed of dresses which had been the witnesses of her garden solitude in St. Germain and all its perils and persecutions. The rest of it was on paper at Felix's and elsewhere, principally on order-books. But joy reigned; Papa Peel kissed the bride, produced one hundred thousand dollars in gold certificates from his great coat as by miracle, shook the groom's hand and said his "God speed." Then, after depositing the money safely, they took trains within two minutes of each other—the bride and groom to Spain, the father to Havre. It was all despatched like an entr'acte of a comedy.

Well, here we are at the place where this history should have begun. Tell your friends that if they want to read the real life of Robert La Marr and his beautiful young wife, to begin here and read between the lines. They will find a history of the heart that has few parallels and no rival for stirring pathos, for profound tragedy—the pathos of silence, the tragedy of expatriation, of horrible suspicion, of crushing remorse, of the struggle between love of country and the honor of an oath. Oh, the retributive justice of time! What a grand evener-up is the inevitable! The years, like lenses—how they magnify or belittle! Our errors—how magnified; our virtues, how belittled!

Who shall say when that new day dawned—that day which was to last for years, more like to night, but far more terrible, and filled with haunting shapes and fierce imaginings? Fugitives from justice suffer the tortures of the damned—not remorse so much as forced rule. The Greeks put their small offenders to death; the great ones they ostracized, knowing it to be a living torture. Americans will live abroad for a lifetime in peace; but forbid them ever to enter their country again, and nine-tenths of them will rebel. You enjoy your palace; but let there be an armed warden at the gate driving you back at every effort of exit and your palace becomes worse than a prison—a hell. Freedom! the sweet word nestles in the heart of every living thing; restriction and banishment are symbols of the grave.

It was two years coming upon Robert and Elsie. Even the advent of a little Robert to gladden their lives only seemed to increase the longing to return. For a year the young man found good and valid excuses for remaining abroad, but when the appeals of the young wife became overwhelming, partially to ease his own conscience, partially to calm her suspicions of him, he told her. At first the mystery of that compact made her young heart revolt. Then she said softly, but oh, with what measure of bitterness,

"I see it all. We have given up our country for our love!"

"And do you regret it?"

"God forbid!"

Then they would take up the yoke bravely, and for a time bear it uncomplainingly and with fortitude. But the inevitable—ah, the inevitable!

One day Robert La Marr came home and found his wife ill. There were long days of consultations and anxiety, and finally with the unerring prophecy of science, an old graybeard said to the husband:

"Your wife is ill—very ill; it is not of the body, it is here!" And he touched his wrinkled temple.

The husband choked out something incoherent.

"She has a longing—I cannot find out what it is; but if it is in your power, in God's name, my friend, don't deny her. For, if you do——"

"If I do," echoed the husband, as if in a trance.

"She will go mad!"

La Marr felt the arrow reach his vitals. He arose without a word and passed into the lovely little bed-chamber where his beautiful young wife lay propped up on the pillows with her face to the westward, peering out of the tall old-fashioned windows. Robert watched her from a distance, that pale angelic face bespeaking the longing of a motherless, expatriated soul, harrowed over all with a great black fear and wonder why that one whom she had venerated and loved all her little life now chose to set an ocean between them, forbidding her trespass upon her own birthright. Every good solution was made the most of, but it was a paper dyke which could not long hold back the great torrent; and when the flood came it tore its way into her fragile life.

La Marr watched that divine spirit till, for tears, he could see no more; then turned about and went out into the great whirlpool of Paris—that Paris once so alluring, so entrancing, divine and devilish, the great world-school of the passions—now so bleak, so utterly unworthy of his interest and love, like a pretty masquere on the morning after a Mabile orgie. Over the Seine he passed, by the cafés of the Madeleine, on to the Consulate, where, before the broad windows he sat pondering, sheltered under the dear flag, dreaming himself really upon home soil again. For an hour he sat meditating, resolving; then he straightened with the sentiment, "Honor to the dogs! When it is a battle between my honor and the salvation of my loved one, even honor, dearer to me than my own life, must yield." Then he grew easy and affable with himself, as if he had cut the strictures that had bound up his heart. He felt that he would never again look the world straight in the eyes and say, "I am a man of honor!" but was it not a blessed privilege to give up that which was dearer than life to the salvation of one of the elect of God? Yes, they would go together and throw themselves upon the mercy of her father; and if need be, let him perish in the proving of his devotion.

Suddenly an attaché passed hurriedly through the room, and recognizing his superior—for La Marr still retained his position of rank—said, "Oh, sir, there are letters for you upon your table."

"Bring them, please."

A moment later a package of mail was laid in his hands, upon the upper one of which was written and underscored in red, "Strictly Personal and Urgent." It had, moreover, been registered. La Marr broke the seal with a strange trepidation. Instantly the document which bore his own ante-nuptial signature confronted him. There was a letter in a stranger's handwriting accompanying. When he could recover his amazement enough to read, the following was his call to arms:

"Sir: I enclose a document, the contents of which is best known to yourself. It was the last wish of Daniel Peel, Esq., who passed from this life at midnight, that I should despatch it to you without comment. I would do this, but I fear that rumors have already reached you which need authentication, and I give the unfortunate facts. You know, doubtless, of the distressing mania which made this man of splendid parts its ignominious tool, and of his amazing success. While his good wife lived, he had a rein upon his passion; but with her passing away all the resolutions of that sterling character fell to naught. It was the one wish of his heart that his beautiful daughter should never know his present career, and what he foresaw was to be his inevitable end. It is now your life task, my friend, to keep the truth from her: that the once noble Daniel Peel, her father, was caught cheating over his own gambling tables, and shot through the heart! . . . ." Balston.

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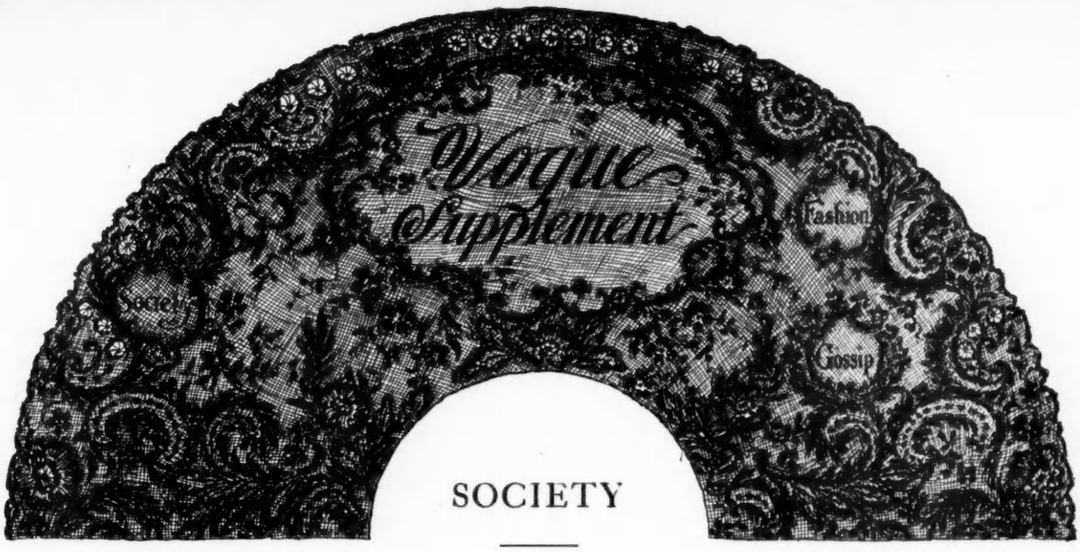

SOCIETY

FRom time to time books on etiquette are published and the reader thereof is gravely and, to some extent arbitrarily, told certain rules for behavior which, to those brought up in our so-called good society, seem very absurd. It would not appear necessary to the world at large to be told "When wishing to remove cherry pits, olive stones or bits of bone from the mouth, direct your neighbor's attention to some object in an opposite direction, and then, quickly, and with as little noise as possible, remove the stone, pit or bone from your mouth and put it under the left-hand side of your plate." The same set of rules gives the answer to a question which is anxiously asked in some of the daily papers: "How should a gentleman carry his hat?" Yet there are a great many people of a certain class to whom this sort of knowledge is of service. There are now rules for almost everything, and it is easy to avoid mistakes if one be careful.

A man who has been traveling through some newly discovered oil fields tells the story of finding in a farmhouse, whose owner had just struck oil, a handsome girl in full evening costume beating madly on the keys of a grand piano. The only deficiency in her toilette, to a casual observer, was the fact that she wore neither shoes nor stockings. When asked to explain this she seemed greatly surprised and said that pa had told her that everybody who was rich always bought a dress from Mr. Worth and a "big grand piano." But "pa" had evidently not read of shoes and stockings. In one of our western cities a prominent citizen, anxious to rival Mr. T. Suffern Tailer and to dazzle the eyes of his friends, recently invested in a four-in-hand, in which he drove gaily and with the repose of manner which only unlimited wealth can give. Alas, for poor humanity! He had never read that the owner of a coach must always sit on the box seat, and, instead, placed himself inside the coach and drove along blissfully unconscious of the worst faux pas he had ever made. The turnout was perfect in every detail excepting this one frightful fault, which has rendered him an object of ridicule instead of pride and envy.

Newport seems determined to lead the summer gaiety. There has never before been so much going on at this season. The Golf Club is a good institution and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer did the honors of the place on the opening day, with her more than gracious manner, looking like an ideal Duchess of Devonshire. The advantage of the Golf Club is that it makes an objective point for the afternoon drive, which, after all, is apt to be a trifle monotonous. The prevailing etiquette is, when you meet people on Bellevue Avenue the first time, to bow; the second meeting, smile; third meeting, preserve a stony calm. Interesting as the Avenue is, when one first starts out, with its wonderful display of superb turnouts and smartly dressed women—it does get a trifle dull. The thing to do now is to drive out to the Golf Club, have a cup of tea and stay long enough to have a chat or two, watch the game and then drive home in the cool of the evening.

The first Casino night was on Monday and in no respect did it differ from the first Casino night of every other year. There were very few there and those few did not dance. July 27th has been chosen by Mrs. Herman Oelrichs for the ball she is to give her sister, Miss Fair. Mrs. Oelrichs has not entertained very extensively since her marriage; ill-health and mourning have combined to prevent her taking any prominent place, but from this time she intends going in for society. Her sister, Miss Fair, is not quite so pretty as she herself, but is none the less attractive and the chances for a gay season for both these young women are very good.

It has been definitely settled that Mr. Frederick Beach and Mr. Ware are to run a coach in Newport out to the Golf Club, and word has arrived to the effect that Mr. Eugene Higgins will shortly arrive at Newport with, as the story goes, half a dozen four-in-hands and horses without number, which being interpreted, is that Mr. Higgins will bring over from Paris, where he has recently made such a record for himself, the very newest thing in four-in-hands. Mr. Higgins is one of the crack whips of this country and has never been at a loss to secure whom he will as guests on his coach. It is only within the last two or three years that Mr. Higgins and his sister, Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks have taken the prominent stand in society which their great wealth and cultivation have fitted them for.

Bar Harbor has begun to be heard from. The customary dance the night of the Fourth at the Kebo Valley Club was not very lively, but there have been dinners given since, and a very pleasant dance at the Malvern and a reception on board the Italian warship, all of which have been jolly affairs. The Marquis Imperiali has arrived and is, as usual, busy organizing many charming social affairs. Mavroyeni Bey and Sir Frederick Thompson are expected about the middle of this month, and with three such hosts there will be no lack of fun and jollity.

Miss Minturn, Miss Beatrix Jones and the Misses Del Monte are all at Bar Harbor, and they are great favorites, although quite different in appearance. Mrs. Charles Marshall expects to be at Bar Harbor during the season and to give many dinners. It is so much easier to give dinners at Bar Harbor than at most places, there are so many men who are capital dinner guests. The place, not being so overrun with college boys as most other summer resorts, quite distances Lenox in this respect.

THE INSIDE COACHING PASSENGER

OF INTEREST TO HER

THirty years ago Lenox (which as everybody knows or ought to know, is in Berkshire County, Mass.) was a small quiet New England village, where the most primitive habits and prices prevailed, and where the magnificent amphitheatre of hills encircled a population as simple and unpretentious as the wooden structures in which they lived. The red brick tavern, as it was called, stood just where it does now—overlooking a superb view of the valley below, and was conducted by the grandfather of the present proprietor. He "did" for his guests, as the smart set say in England, that is, supplied them with board and lodging for the moderate sum of $4 a week. Nor was the one livery stable that the village could boast more exorbitant in its demands, as a buggy with a well-fed horse, not overworked, and with plenty of go in him, could be hired for a dollar for a whole day's use, and the village "ark," as it was called (a covered wagon with sittings for eight), could be had for one of the long excursions to Monument Mountain, Roaring Brook, or any of the show places of the neighborhood for a dollar and a half.

That was before fashion had invaded Berkshire, however, and although both Lenox and Stockbridge could always boast of an excellent society of their own, of which the Sedgwick family was the head and front, there was not the slightest approach to smart dressing, costly living, swell equipages, or any of the luxurious dwellings which now line its grass-grown streets on either side. Probably no place ever was so changed as this queen of the Berkshires, sitting, as it does, on a throne of exquisite verdure, with giant oaks and elms waving their thickly clad branches in the mountain breezes, and the picturesque outline of near and distant hills forming a background for the loveliest valley in the world. The face of nature remains unchanged, for the rich men who have bought the land and built their summer palaces upon it have respected every grassy knoll, and left open every vista for distant views and picture-like surprises. Neither has commerce nor manufactures come in to blacken the air with smoke, and the railroad being more than two miles distant, no noisy station disturbs the repose that reigns supreme.

But the palaces that have been erected by the new residents are in every respect equal to Newport's, and the four-in-hands, victorias, tandems and buckboards, with thoroughbred horses, liveried servants and rattling harness, might almost make the quiet sleepers in the churchyard rise from their graves, so completely do they metamorphose the place. Lenox is often called the autumn Newport, as the gay season there begins in September, when sea air and marine views begin to pall upon the jaded sense, and the good people who have been nodding to each other a half a dozen times every afternoon on Bellevue Avenue, have begun to weary of each other's chefs and to criticise each other's wines—and, in short, to long for a change. Then maids and valets pack their trunks, and they all betake themselves to the mountains.

Lenox, of course, is the objective point, and although the Newporters grumble right straight through, yet in point of fact the change does them good, and they enjoy what they call the "provincial" character of the entertainments.

It is true that Mrs. Willie Sloane has a place on the mountain-side, which for comfort, luxury and picturesqueness is unequalled in this great country. Her ball room with its polished floor is decorated in white and gold with a dash of delicate green here and there, and on its walls hang two lovely paintings by Porter and Munzig of Mrs. Sloane and her eldest daughter, and mirrors innumerable reflect the outdoor landscape. Out of the ball room opens Mrs. Sloane's morning room, which commands views of mountain and valley on three sides, and in which the chairs and lounges are veritable Sleepy Hollows and the tables are laden with the newest books and publications. Then comes the library, which is wainscoted in oak, and of which the carved and arched ceiling is a study in itself, and the dining room in old mahogany with hangings of tapestry and with silver, crystal and porcelain, such as a prince might envy. But still, no loyal Newporter will admit that it is comparable to what he is accustomed to at home. Mrs. Sloane, like all the women of Vanderbilt blood, is a most delightful hostess. House and servants, carriages and horses are at the disposal of the guests, and the most absolute freedom prevails. It is true that there is not a great deal to do in Lenox—no polo, golf, Casino dances nor tennis matches, no yachting, only a little fanciful and picturesque sailing on Mahkeenae Lake—which in olden times was known as the Stockbridge Bowl, because of its circular shape and its being so deeply seated among the hills.

On the shores of this lake Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes has built a dwelling, which for hugeness and length would eclipse anything in the country. It could not stand on any block of Fifth Avenue without projecting over one or two of the side streets, as it is more than a twentieth of a mile in length, and any room in it that is less than twenty feet square is considered a closet, and is spoken of "as sich." Of course the furnishing of such a castle will be in accordance with its size and pretensions, and it will be replete with all that gas, steam and electricity can do. A cohort of servants will be necessary to run it, and a regiment of family and friends to make it cosy and cheerful. As a matter of necessity the occupants of one wing will never know what occurs in the opposite one, and births, deaths and marriages could take place without the knowledge of many living under the same roof. A railway and locomotive, or at any rate electric cars, will have to be provided, in order to make it possible for the host and hostess to visit every part of their domicile on the same day, and of course kitchens and offices must be duplicated or perhaps tripled, to supply sustenance in such an establishment. Mr. Stokes, who seems to do everything en gros, has, I believe, a very large family—of perhaps fifteen or sixteen children—and doubtless he derives much comfort from the reflection that each one of them can eventually have a separate home under the one roof, simply by putting up sixteen partition walls.

Just now Lenox is supposed to be dull, although Mrs. W. D. Sloane has a large house party consisting of Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Miss Beatrice Bend, and a number of young fellows just graduated from Yale College. The cottages are nearly all filled, many of them having changed occupants since last year. Mrs. Frederic Neilson and her children are settled in Mrs. Frank Sturgis's former home. Mr.

Warder from Washington, whose daughter is engaged to young Ward Thoron, has the beautiful Kneeland place. Mr. George Morgan has just completed the mansion that he has built on the old Haggerty ground, where ex-Secretary Whitney and his lamented wife dispensed a generous hospitality for many years; and Mr. G. G. Haven has made many alterations and improvements to his beautiful Colonial mansion. In point of fact Lenox seems more beautiful than ever before, and it will probably have a very gay season when the leaves begin to turn and the autumn breezes blow.

WHAT SHE WEARS

I Had an opportunity not long ago of seeing the complete trousseau, I was going to say, but probably outfit would be a better word, of a very pretty married woman, who was going to Newport, on a visit to one of the most "swagger" houses there. The lady I speak of is not very rich, and never employs an expensive dressmaker, but she has a room fitted up as a workroom at the top of her house, the only furniture of which is a deal table, big enough to serve as a dining-board for eight or ten guests; a cheval glass and enormous cupboards on all sides, to hold skirts, new materials and all that a dressmaker requires. Here she employs two sewing women for six weeks in the spring and autumn, who, under her direction—and she has a wonderful taste, almost a genius, indeed, for the fashioning of outer garments—make all the lovely toilettes that she wears to balls and dinners in the winter, and to Newport and Lenox in the summer. It was her summer outfit that I went to see, and for the first time I realized how very tasteful and becoming the present fashions might become under skilful management.

Of ball gowns she had only two, a primrose colored surah, which was not yellow or canary color, but just the soft pale tinge which be-

XUM

WHAT SHE WEARS

longs to the primrose alone. The skirt was veiled with white lace flounces, each one about three-eighths of a yard wide, and the low bodice was also covered with billows of lace which were held in place by straps and bows of black velvet, of which also the girdle was made. The other ball dress was of silver gray gros grain, exquisitely embroidered in silk, with perpendicular vines of blue, brown and green, and the back breadth was a gray moiré, such as was worn in olden times, made with a demi-train. The trimmings of the low corsage and the large balloon sleeves, were of sky blue silk velvet, and bretelles of it passed over each shoulder and were continued on each side of the skirt, thus making a finish to the embroidered vines. It was really lovely. Of afternoon costumes there was a great variety. I fell in love with one—made of Algerienne flounces, covering to the waist a lilac silk skirt. The high corsage was of delicate lilac silk, fairly hidden under delicious chiffon ruffles with an embroidered edge—the sleeves were made of ruffle after ruffle of chiffon, narrowing down to the wrist, and the girdle, instead of coming down over the diaphragm, as girdles have been doing of late, drew in the waist—and had three carved mother-of-pearl buckles—one in front and one under each arm. The breakfast gowns were all cambrics and linens and all most picturesquely and becomingly fashioned. There was a yachting costume of Galatea cloth, in a delicate shade of blue, made with an Eton jacket to wear with a white silk shirt, and there was a traveling dress in pale buff linen, very fetching indeed. The tea-gown (that indispensable garment for house parties) was a marvelous combination of white silk, acres of white lace, and soft apple-green trimmings. Shoes and stockings to match every toilette were there, and the latter won my particular admiration. Never did I see such dainty, flimsy fabrics of silk and fine lace, the latter embroidered on the stockings and tapering to the ankle, where they swelled toward the calf of the leg. They certainly were fearfully and wonderfully made.

And, by the way, English fashion papers tell us that the reign of white stockings is beginning again in England. The old Queen always had a mania for them, and when colored hose first came to be generally worn she actually prohibited them in Court circles. On one occasion a royal princess was dismissed from the presence chamber because she wore a pair of black silk stockings with a colored gown. The venerable lady was obliged to give in at last, however, and colored stockings have been generally worn in the Queen's household for several years. Now, however, that white is so much in fashion, white stockings have appeared again, which so pleases the Sovereign that she, herself, ordered twenty-five pairs for the Princess May's trousseau. Poor Princess! let us hope that she has small, dainty feet.

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

LAdy Randolph Churchill, who has been doing wonders of late, opened a most successful bazar the other day, for a Soho charity, at which something like £2,000 was raised. She looked marvelously well in rather a bright blue silk gown and a small black bonnet. With her came her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Marlborough. Since the Dalmeny incident these two grande dames Americaines have been seen very much together.

Of the Royal Institution Bazar I have no space to speak. It was superb, however, as only Royalty, and a lavish disregard as to expense in accessories can make such occasions. Princess May, in pale blue, did a roaring trade in walking sticks, with Prince "Dolly" as her chief assistant. Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein chatted and laughed together and failed to sell anything. The Princess Victoria of Wales looked somewhat sombre and Princess Maud rather delicate. The Princess of Wales was very gracious, though not quite up to her old form. Lady Randolph Churchill made her three curtsies to the three Royal Highnesses with infinite grace, and her charmingly modulated voice — she is noted for the rare quality of her speaking notes — sounded sweeter than ever as she welcomed them. Beautiful Lady Brooke looked somewhat aggressive though incontestibly smart in black, the neck of the gown cut very low to show the outline of her throat, and falling from it all down the front of the bodice was a succession of frills of pure white chiffon caught together by two single turquoise clasps set in diamonds. A bright blue velvet bonnet on her wonderful brown hair, finished by an upstanding bouquet of bright pink Baroness de Rothschild roses, and held at the back by another turquoise and diamond clasp. At the same stall was her sister, the young Duchess of Sutherland, very simply attired. The Princess of Wales bowed to each, but passed on without further greeting.

The takings for the three days' sale were something extraordinary, amounting to several thousands of pounds.

We are all certainly gossipping a little bit over the postponement of Miss Florence Davis's marriage to Lord Terrence Blackwood. It is put off now until November, on the excuse that Miss Davis is really too fatigued after the gaieties of a New York season to enter upon the arduous duties of a diplomat's wife! But—what hangs behind? That is the question somewhat loudly whispered here. We are told, too, that she has been not a little fortunate in retaining the affections of her step-mother, who is allowing her to choose and remove any part of the furniture, bric-a-brac and pictures from her father's house for the furnishing of her apartment in Paris. It is well sometimes to unite the guile of the worldly-wise with the innocence of the ingénue!

Two very large and very smart concerts "for sweet charity's sake" are set down for next week's society menu. Both are exploité by American ladies. Mrs. Henry White, Lady Playfair and Mrs. Ronalds are the active Lady Patronesses for the one to be given at Grosvenor House (by the kind permission of the Duke of Westminster), in support of the Children's Aid Society, while Mrs. Morgan Richards opens the beautiful house at Lancaster Gate on the 27th, for Mlle. Janotha's concert given in aid of the Duchess of Teck's charity, her "Village Homes," at which a whole galaxy of Royalties are to be present, and in which the Queen has taken a special personal interest. But of these more anon.

The prettiest little ornament just now, quite the fad of the moment, is a tiny cluster lace pin or brooch exactly representing in enamel and brilliants the May-blossom. It is as dainty as well can be, and bids fair to become a lasting souvenir of the Royal wedding of 1893.

By-the-bye, quite the smartest small dance of the week was Mrs. W. G. Cavendish Bentinck's cotillon last evening, given at her very pretty mansion in Richmond Terrace, which has only lately been greatly enlarged and redecorated in the most superb manner. All the cotillon presents were sent direct from Paris and were most novel and beautiful. Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck was one of the well-known Livingston "twins," who, some fifteen years or more ago, were familiar personages in New York society. Their father was Mr. Maturin Livingston, whose beautiful place, Staatsburgh-on-the-Hudson, carries its title deeds back to the days of Charles II. In 1880 Miss Bessie Livingston married William George Cavendish Bentinck, son of the Right Hon. George Augustus Cavendish Bentinck, who died some two years ago. The Bentincks are all connections of the Duke of Portland, and in this case Mr. William George Cavendish Bentinck is also a relative to handsome Mrs. "Jack"

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Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied with postage for their return if found unavailable.

Leslie (who was a Mis Jerome of New York), through his father's death he came into a large fortune ; but all the same they are not very popular in society and certainly not among American-Londoners.

NOTES ON ASCOT COSTUMES

Miss Margaret McNeil wore a gown made by Savage, of transparent black grenadine over pale apple-leaf green silk, the front of the bodice laid with under waistcoat lapels of lace, and a very pretty open straw hat with green velvet bows holding carelessly together a bouquet of lovely pale tinted roses.

The Princess of Wales was most exquisitely dressed in a toilette of black and white striped silk, with a tiny little shoulder cape in transparent gauze lightly powdered with silver stars. Her small bonnet was composed entirely of violets, with one single white uncut osprey tip. She carried a very large bouquet of superb red roses—the only note of positive color about her.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, who for some inscrutable reason has never become a favorite

COSTUME FROM S. BROWN, 20 EAST 33D STREET

in England, did not look particularly well in a pale tabac costume unsuccessfully arranged with cream guipure lace, and a black bonnet decorated with bright pink roses. Her débutante daughter—the Princess Victoria Melita—who really is a pretty young girl—wore a smart little toilette of blue and black with a black hat ; rather too old I thought, for her soft blonde hair and very girlish features.

The Princesses of Wales were in pale gray diaphanous frocks over pale pink, their hats being a conjunction of pink, gray and black. Most marvelous and most wonderful indeed were some of the toilettes displayed—I would I had space to describe one-tenth part of them. Here at least are a few notes taken from the Royal enclosure, that El Dorado of every society woman's ambition before she has attained to the honor and glory of its select aristocratic precincts.

Princess Henry of Pless, who is always remarkable and remarked wherever she goes, wore on Cup Day a wonderful arrangement of pink smothered in the most lovely old lace. Her mother, Mrs. Cornwallis West, still a young and handsome woman, came with her each day, and certainly eclipsed every one by the bizarre effect of one of her gowns, in which blue, orange and red were the predominant hues. The Hon. Nellie Bass was not successful in wearing her bridesmaid's toilette (for Miss Musgrave), but Georgina, Lady Dudley, looked lovely in the simplest possible gray cotton gown and a tiny white bonnet ; with her was her daughter, Lady Edith Ward, equally distinguished in all white and a wonderful great green shady hat. Lady Arlington wore a flowered brocade coat, a black skirt and a bonnet formed of nothing but Malmaison carnations. Lady Griffen—the wife of Sir Leppel Griffen, who did not write all too pleasantly some years ago upon his experiences in the States—looked young but not pretty (to my mind she is always too posé to ever look pretty) in a softly tinted toilette with a deep falling throat frill of black chiffon. A large proportion of smart women wore black, and among these were Mrs. Leo Rothschild, Mrs. Vyner, Lady Arthur Grosvenor, Mrs. Arthur Lassoon and Lady Parker, who quite carried away the palm by her most elegant gown of black satin literally strewn with jet, and a rose bonnet ; while Mrs. Frederick Hokler—her husband, you will remember, is a nephew by marriage to the charming Dowager Duchess of Newcastle—looked very distinguished in a pale opaline tinted gown and a most successful little bonnet on her fair hair. Quite one of the most amusing features of each day was the transformation in the men's toilettes. They arrived on their coaches shrouded in long, light Newmarket top-coats buttoned up closely to the throat, their necks swathed in silk cachnets, and straw hats pressed well down on their heads. Once within the course, what a change was there ! Down leapt the grooms, open flew the coach doors, out came the regulation frock coat, the standing collar, the correct buttonhole, the irreproachable silk hat, and then and there did these favorites of fortune turn the lawn into a general dressing room, with the coolest sang froid imaginable, shedding their chrysalis shells and emerging therefrom in full Bond Street canonicals !

The women, too, muffled themselves up in dust cloaks, and covered their dainty hats and bonnets with large gauze veils—a fashion copied from America—which, when discarded, displayed them faultless in attire and complexion.

Diane.

London, 20 June, 1893.

LA PETITE SAISON AT PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

IT is probably due to the presence of so many royal visitors here just at the present moment that the general exodus of le grand monde has not yet begun, and according to present indications it will be delayed until a few days before the popular festival on July 14th. Not that we confine ourselves to the city, for we devote this interval between the Grand Prix and the Fête de la Bastille—a period which has been dubbed la petite saison—to picnics, coaching parties, garden parties, entertainments in the various châteaux surrounding Paris, and dinners en petit comité, generally followed by a visit to some popular café chantant. This petite saison is rendered especially attractive by its marked absence of the formality and ceremony which characterize the regular season. Men are allowed to pay afternoon calls in morning costume, jackets, straw hats and brown leather boots or shoes, while our own toilettes are distinguished by a simplicity far more suited to villagiature than to Parisian life.

One of the most charming of these out-of-town entertainments was that given the other day at the Duc de Doudeauville's beautiful château of Aulnay, popularly known as the Vallée aux Loups, to the principal coaching club, or Société des Guides, here. Fourteen coaches drove down from Paris to this country seat which, in former days, was the residence of the poet Chateaubriand, and we were received on our arrival by the Vicomte and Vicomtess de La Rochefoucauld, the son and daughter-in-law of the Duke and Duchess of Doudeauville. Dinner was served in the open air on the terrace in front of the principal façade of the little château, the passengers of each coach having their own table. At nine o'clock the entire park was suddenly converted into a fairyland by means of colored electric lights artistically arranged in such a manner as to give the foliage of the trees and their branches the appearance of delicate lacework. A grand display of fireworks by Ruggieri followed, and after a cotillon conducted by the Comte Antoine de Contades and Vicomtesse de La Rochefoucauld, we drove back to Paris, toward three o'clock in the morning. In the drive out to the Vallée aux Loups all the strict rules and regulations of the Société des Guides were observed. According to these by-laws any one who permits an interval of one hundred yards between his own coach and the one in front of him is forced to draw aside, to let all the other coaches behind him pass, and then to take his position in the rear of the procession. A fine of two louis is imposed upon any one who attempts to pass ahead of the coach before him, while a similar penalty is inflicted upon those who arrive late at the place of rendezvous.

One of the prettiest frocks was worn by the Vicomtesse de La Rochefoucauld. It was of white muslin, printed with tiny dots of yellow and black, the skirt circled with three flounces of finely plaited yellow chiffon simply hemmed with yellow silk, but set on to the skirt with a heading of narrow black Chantilly lace. The blouse-waist of muslin had a finely plaited yoke and voluminous double puffed sleeves of yellow chiffon. The yoke and collar band were enframed with black froufrou, run through with narrow white satin ribbons, ending in tiny bows at the bust and throat. The sleeves were finished at the elbow with a trimming to match, while from the shoulders fell a rather deep flounce of lace over a transparent yoke of yellow chiffon, gradually tapering at the waist, back and front. A sash of yellow chiffon, tied in a bow behind completed this smart little toilette. Another charming gown was that worn by the Marquise de Nedonchel. It was a pearl-gray silk and crépon finely crinkled and trimmed around the skirt with a deep flounce of bise lace, very light and pretty in design, and caught up gracefully at the sides and in front where the lace formed a point, with smartly tied bows of heliotrope glacé velvet. The corsage of crépon had three V points of écru insertion from neck to waist, enframed on either side by two brace-like draperies of heliotrope velvet crinkled into bows at the shoulders. At the waist a third small bow made a

XUM

very pretty finish from beneath the bretelles. Over the shoulders sprang cape-like over-sleeves of lace matching the skirt trimming. The full sleeves of gray crépon in one puff reached the elbows only, where they terminated in a sabot flounce of lace. With this toilette the Marquise wore a dear little punchinello hat of mauve straw plaited with silver cord and caught up in front slightly to the right side, with a graceful gerbe of green oats and clover rising from a small rosette-like bunch of scarlet poppies. The long, pearl-gray suede gloves were of the exact tint of the crépon.

Another suburban entertainment of the same character was that given two days later by the fat little Duke of Massa at his picturesque château of Franconville. We were taken there by a special train, the Duke's brother, Baron Roger, meeting us at the Gare du Nord. On arriving at the station at Luzarch, the Duke was seen on the platform awaiting his guests, who were conveyed to the château in drags, breaks and vehicles of the same description harnessed en poste. From five to seven we spent our time in dancing in the open air and in visiting the conservatory, which contains the finest and most extensive collection of orchids in France. At seven o'clock dinner was served at small tables, while at nine there was a performance in the bijou theatre built in the park, and which is connected with the château by a subterranean gallery. The operetta performed was composed by our host and bore the title of the Espagnole de Saint Mande. At midnight there was a grand display of fireworks, and shortly after we took our departure for Paris, by special train, each of the ladies bearing, as usual, a basket containing several of the Duke's beautiful orchids.

Apropos of these out of door entertainments, which are now so much in vogue here, I may mention that the fashion of placing upholstered furniture, such as sofas, lounges, causeuses and low armchairs on the sward together with magnificent Oriental rugs and carpets, has been abandoned, and most of our hostesses this summer have replaced them by seats, chairs and tables of a rustic character, or else of natural colored bamboo, which harmonize better with the green of the grass and of the foliage than gilt furniture, and in the same way the elaborate rugs and carpets have been replaced by Japanese mats, which look much more suitable to their surroundings. Moreover, the refreshments and the buffet, instead of being served out of doors as hitherto, on the terraces and in the gardens, are laid out in the dining-rooms, the windows of which, as a rule, open upon the garden. The only objection that I can make to this innovation is that, in consequence of the draught caused by all the open windows and doors, the men, as a rule, keep their hats on their heads, which scarcely looks good form in a dining-room. A number of our great houses here have large gardens, which admit of the giving of open-air entertainments in the centre of the city. Thus the eight million franc palace of the Princesse de Sagan in the Rue Saint Dominique stands in a veritable park, filled with trees of majestic appearance and great age. The Duchesse de Doudeauville also has a large garden attached to her superb residence in the Faubourg St. Germain, and it was illuminated beautifully on the occasion of her dinner dance the other evening. The Princess Gortschakof has an exquisite garden at the back of her mansion in the Rue de Varrennes and the Embassies of Great Britian and Austria have also large and artistically laid out grounds. These garden parties constitute a delightful means of getting rid of social obligations toward people whom one does not like to invite either to a dinner or to a ball. In the first place, the space at the disposal of the hostess is much larger, and then—well, the truth is that we are not forced to remain in such close contact with uncongenial people as is necessary at a dinner or ball.

Very queer is the new fashion in dogs. Dutch Schipperkeys are all the rage at the present moment. The Schipperkey is the reverse of beautiful, nor does he impress one with being aristocratic. Hitherto he has been noted as the particular breed of dog affected by the dwellers on the Dutch canal boats, on which he has until now been born, lived and died. He has no tail. Formerly, according to canine tradition, he possessed a superb caudal appendage, but it seems (so the story goes) that the wagging of his tail interfered with the navigation of the heavily-laden canal boats on which he dwelt, by disturbing the equilibrium of the crafts, and putting them

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in danger of capsizing. In order to obviate this, his owners were accustomed to cut off his tail, and the dogs, being very intelligent, finally came to the conclusion that it was useless to struggle any longer against the inevitable, and accordingly brought their young into the world without tails. Another and much less recommendable canine pet which still holds its own, is the horrible, hairless Chinese terrier, so highly prized in the far east by reason of its edible properties, but in which, inasmuch as we are not yet sufficiently civilized to care for such delicacies, I can find nothing to admire. Poodles are altogether out of fashion, and belong nowadays almost exclusively to members of the demi-monde, and the same may be said of the Havana, the Blenheim, the black-and-tan, and the Brussels terrier. Some of our élégantes here have adopted the Borzoi, or Russian greyhound as their canine pet, but the animals are treacherous, uncertain in their temper and difficult to maintain in proper condition in this climate, the result being that it needs a strong dose of patriotic enthusiasm for the Russian Alliance in order to put up with the trouble and annoyance of keeping them.

The Fair of Neuilly is once more in full swing and, as usual, we all consider it necessary to do the Fair, although it can only be described in the light of a corvée and a bore. The Avenue of Neuilly is terribly dusty, and the atmosphere redolent with the odor of friture, onions, menageries and dirt generally; the noise is deafening, the crowd so great that, notwithstanding all the efforts of your escort, you get jostled, your dress and feet trodden upon, and you are generally rendered uncomfortable, and all that in order to see the same wrestlers, the same lion tamers, the same freaks, harlequins and somnambules, whom we have seen in previous years to satiety. The only thing new that there is to see at the Fair of Neuilly this year, is an unfortunate creature who swallows an inordinate number of huge glasses of beer in return for fees of a more or less considerable dimension. Indeed, it is the principal pastime just now of our young Mal-Vernis—the new name for our gommeux or dudes—to go out to Neuilly for the purpose of making this man drink beer in phenomenal quantities. Comtesse de Champdoce.

Paris, 28 June, 1893.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES

COSTUMES ON PAGE 36.—The figure in the foreground wears a Felix costume of mauve cloth and velvet, with rows of black velvet ribbon modeling the waist in an extremely becoming fashion. There are jet ornaments on the front of the waist arranged ia nn odd style where the skirt meets the waist. The figure to the left of the background wears a costume of black crépon made with a number of tiny flounces edged with cream white lace. This fashion is growing in favor and will be very popular. Some costumes are made with eight, some with ten, and some with even seventeen of these little ruffles. The figure at the right of the background wears a costume of light gray glacé silk with the seams defined with jet passementerie, and with cape of black velvet ribbon and entre-deux Valenciennes, with tiny jet bonnet.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES, PAGE 11 OF SUPPLEMENT.—The little maiden at the top of the page wears a shirt waist of fine blue sateen with a pattern of small white rings or spots. It is made with a plaited ruffle slightly pointed both front and back like a cape. The skirt is of plain blue linen made rather shorter than the skirts of last year, and the stockings are of navy blue with russet leather shoes. The boy to the right wears a skirt of imported cotton suiting in pink and white pin check with plaited skirt and zouave jacket braided with white. The little shirt is of sheer white lawn with embroidery and edging on the front, around the collar, and on the cuffs which are turned back over the jacket sleeves. The boy represented on the left side has a kilt suit of imported Bedford cord with hair line stripes of navy blue on a white ground. The little Eton jacket is made with revers edged with dark blue braid, and there is a blouse waist of white lawn with wide sailor collar of handsome insertion and embroidery, and full double ruffle of embroidery down the front.

In the middle of the page are seen three little girls in summer array. The one to the right has a dress of pink striped gingham made with ayoke edged with a scalloped ruffle of white cambric and wide collar similarly trimmed. The sailor hat of white straw has a band of old rose ribbon around the crown. The central figure wears a hat of cardinal lawn shirred as to brim, and with a full flat crown. The dress of white lawn hangs full from a tucked yoke with an edge of narrow red embroidery above the tucks. The sleeves are full and there is a little turn-over collar and a cardinal ribbon bow.

To the left is a little girl in a miniature yachting costume. It is of white piqué with sailor collar edged with navy blue, and shield of the same material similarly trimmed. The hat is a "man-of-war" of straw, crown and brim finished with a row of navy braid.

The little cloak seen on the baby, is of fine embroidered Swiss with cape and collar of the same. The hat is of white straw with pale blue feathers and tied with ribbons of the same color. The baby without hat or cloak has a dress of fine French nainsook with plain hemstitch on edge and embroidered yoke.

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AS SEEN BY HIM

I Have become a full-fledged American. I have actually spun through England, glimpsed at Paris and here I am again taking a day of rest at Chester before I catch the Wild Irishman and fly to Holyhead for a rough passage over the Irish sea and board the ship at Queenstown—all within three weeks. I feel as if this little tour were simply a dinner at Delmonico's.

I have nibbled at "the roast and the glorious green," of England, I have taken an entremet at Paris, and as a refresher caught for my ice a glimpse of a snowclad Alp near Geneva.

My trip has hardly been one of pleasure. My social engagements were such as to barely allow me the fag end of the London season. The coaching parade was over and I had just missed the Cadogan dance and Mrs. Astor's musicale. I detest pageants of any kind and I would not be so bored as to remain for the Royal wedding — which after all, you know, is only a show of Royalties for the benefit of the multitude.

Nowhere in the world, are the sentiments of the people more regarded and their wishes gratified than in England. The Prince himself is a most democratic ruler, and I heartily indorse the title given him of First Gentleman in Europe. He is always en evidence. Wherever he goes he is dressed in good taste. The Prince has great hopes of Americans—so have I—and he sets an example to American rulers by being present at all public functions, by reviewing all manner of parades and processions and by being always ready to please the public. Men are well dressed in England because they have before them such an illustrious example.

London fashions differ but little from ours. I did not find men walking the fashionable part of town in their flannels, but at the different shops I saw preparations for the coming outing season.

Among other novelties I found silk shirts with linen collars. The shirts were in the favorite lavender and green — the latter shade being hideous and the collars straight. Plaids and tartans are much affected in neckties, and, like in New York, the simple tie is the favorite way of arranging neckwear. As usual there was a most brilliant display of handkerchiefs with bright colored borders — mauve and green, as usual, being predominant. I myself do not affect colored handkerchiefs—I do not think them chic.

I have been obliged to change my tailor and to try a new one recommended by a London friend. The reason for this—I believe tailors, like family physicians, should be always retained—is that I discovered him catering to American custom and I actually found my solicitor's clerk (who is taking his midsummer holiday with a Cook's tour ticket) being measured for a coat of the same cut as my own by the man who made it for me. I immediately ordered as a little present a suit for my valet, and left the place forever.

London tailors do their work so cheaply that there is no protection for one the moment

XUM

SEEN AT SARATOGA

Americans find them out. They become careless and they endeavor to make an extra penny immediately by selling inferior goods. I look with compassion on many Americans returning from England clad in ill-fitting and horrible clothes. They are so self-satisfied. The workmanship is bungling and the cut is atrocious. They could have purchased exactly the same thing at any of the ready-made clothiers of Broadway or the Bowery—indeed, I have seen trousers made and sold by these people which were much smarter than any made on Conduit Street or its vicinity. In fact, New York tailors use the better cloth and command the better workmanship. One must have a high-priced tailor—that is one of the necessities of life.

Of course there are men, like some women, who can take in a well-dressed person just from the hands of a first-class tailor, and describe him to a tailor of a cheaper grade and procure an imitation of the work done by the higher priced man. There are other men who look well in anything and who can buy clothes "from the block" and appear admirably in them. But these are persons born with special gifts.

I always have a smart tailor in London. This year I have found one who has and who does make many things for the Prince. He has not been advertised and I hope that he will remain incog. as far as Americans are concerned. I order but little from him. My New York tailor goes over every year and most of my clothes are made in my own country. In this I follow a most illustrious example because you will notice that the Prince, his son, and in fact all the Royal family patronize home talent. The entire trousseau of the Princess May has been made in England. How many American girls or "princesses" have done the same?

Hats are a little modified in size and there is a uniform shape in use throughout the United Kingdom. The long frock coat—less exaggerated than ours, is much in vogue. I met the Prince several times and on each occasion he wore one of these garments. His ties were very quiet and dark in shade. He used the white piqué "second vest"—I never know what the technical name of it is, leaving that for my valet and my tailor.

Tan shoes are displayed for summer but I saw very few of those kid affairs of very light brown and fuzzy which I saw men wear in New York before I sailed. Kid gloves have given place to gray and tan suede.

I shall sail again in September after the Newport season—at least if I do not find it too attractive in America. I have several invitations for the shooting, but my own country is so attractive in the autumn, and I always take a run up in the Adirondacks when the leaves are turning and the first frosts touch the chestnuts.

One word about France—I tarried a day at Trouville. Surf bathing is popular among Parisians. The flaneur is not partial to his tub but he delights in anything which is spectacular. He gets himself up regardless for the surf, and as usual, is absolutely ridiculous.

There is but little change in the fashion of men's bathing rig. It is made of knit goods and there are two garments—the shirt and the trousers. When I was at the Pier, this was the costume I wore: the shirt was dark blue with a white ring at the base and the trousers were only down to the knee—same material—same color. You can wear vivid red and even employ silk. But let me warn you—blue is the least compromising and it reveals less of one's imperfections. Do not go into the surf unless you are sure of your physique. A man need not be a Sandow nor yet an Adonis—but he must be athletic, well proportioned and possess at least some physical beauty to stand the test.

Otherwise stick to your tub and watch the bathers from the Casino.

PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

THe statement has found its way into print that Mascagni, the celebrated composer of Cavalleria Rusticana, is in the habit of scribbling inspirations across his dress shirt front, so that at the proper time and place he may convert his hasty impressions into manuscript and eventually give them forth to the world. There is an eccentricity about this course of procedure that is excusable only on the ground of genius. It may be imaginative but it is not immaculate. I certainly hope no one in this country will copy the scheme. Fancy, for instance, the spectacle of Bronson Howard with the climax to a new last act engrossed upon his shirt front, or Richard Harding Davis at Delmonico's with his collar and cuffs chequered with the latest Van Bibber incident, or Edgar Fawcett in the window of the Union Club with his latest society story outlined upon his raiment. Perish the thought!

A few weeks ago a report was sent the rounds that John Drew, who is now in London on a vacation, might appear in that city next season and present several plays in which he had been successful here. Charles Frohman himself, the manager of Mr. Drew, told me that it was quite likely that Mr. Drew might play at the Criterion Theatre in London during the time Mr. Charles Wyndham, the manager of the theatre, is touring in America. I now hear, however, that all arrangements to that effect are "off." Mr. Drew will return to America the latter part of August and he will begin his tour early in September. He will not be seen in New York until November, at which time he will stage a new play. Who is the author of that play we are only at liberty to guess. But I may add that Mr. Henry Guy Carleton, the author of Victor Durand and A Gilded Fool, is at work on a comedy drama for Mr. Drew.

I have received several communications within the last fortnight, all written evidently by young women, and all indicating that the writers would like to go upon the stage. The most anxious seems to be the writer signing herself "Gladys." I have not the least idea whether or not "Gladys" has any mimetic ability, but, unless it be that she is really the possessor of a very extraordinary amount of histrionic ability, I strongly advise her, simply for her own comfort, to attempt something else. It is not that there are not plenty of honorable and lovable people on the stage; it is that in no other walk of life is there so great an amount of drudgery in the way of travel, rehearsal and search for new engagements, in company with so little reward of any kind. I presume that "Gladys" is one of those young girls that have envied the leading man and the leading woman from across the footlights and has never for a moment stopped to reflect that off the stage the actors may be not at all like the characters they represent and may have none of the luxuries imitated in the scene.

At the moment there is probably no one in town quite so nervous as Mrs. De Wolf Hopper, née Edna Wallace, who is to temporarily succeed Della Fox as Paquita in Panjandrum. The details of the reason for the substitution I have already commented upon. Miss Wallace has never sung a note in public and she has never danced anything except the waltz, whereas on Monday night at the Broadway Theatre she will have to sing and dance a very great deal. I asked her if she felt apprehensive. "I do indeed," she answered. "When I said I would sing Miss Fox's part during her vacation, provided Charles Frohman, my manager, would let me do so, I never dreamed that he would. But, you see, you can never calculate on a man. Without any hesitation Mr. Frohman said 'Why, certainly.' So I am in for it. Of one thing I can assure you, though; I shall not sing any interpolated songs."

Rudolph Aronson admits to me that it is possible that the decision of the committee now attempting to reorganize the Casino company may be such that he will not continue to be the director of the house. In which case, as a matter of course, he will not produce any more operas there. He will not retire from the field, however, but will present in the early autumn a new operetta with music composed by himself with a libretto by Sydney Rosenfeld, who made into a comic opera The Lady or the Tiger? The new operetta will probably be called The Rainmakers of Syria. Mr. Aronson is negotiating to have Miss Camille D'Arville, whose portrait appeared recently in Vogue, sing the leading rôle, and there is also a likelihood that Marie Halton, who sang some seasons ago at the Casino and who has been since then at the head of her own company in London, will be engaged.

I am very sorry to hear that Jessie Bartlett Davis has resigned from The Bostonians. What with Miss D'Arville's sudden decision to sing elsewhere and Eugene Cowles's departure for two years' stay in Europe, it would seem that this favorite organization is losing both strength and charm. Still, there are many clever and attractive young singers waiting only the opportunity to be put forward successfully, and we may as well give the Bostonians credit for knowing what they are about.

We shall see various new stars the coming season. Among them are Courtney Thorpe, recently leading man for Rosina Vokes; Marie Jansen, whom we have seen in Erminie and with Francis Wilson, will appear in a satire called Delmonico's at 6—may her play contain half the life of that place at that time!—Frederick Paulding, who was Jefferson's leading man; Maida Craigen, who was Alexander Salvini's leading woman; Catherine Clement, who is unknown to fame, and Felix Morris, who was Miss Vokes's character

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CHILDREN'S COSTUMES
FROM BEST & CO.

comedian and principal support for years. New faces and new ideas are what keep the drama from becoming moribund.

In the new opera by Messrs. de Koven and Glen McDonough which Marie Tempest is to produce upon her return from Paris, we shall see that piquante little person for the first time, in comic opera, costumed throughout in skirts. When she first presented herself to us five years ago in The Red Hussar at Palmer's she was an officer, in The Tyrolean at the Casino she was a youthful bird tamer, and in The Fencing Master she sang, of course, the title rôle. The new opera has been named The Algerians, and I am assured that Miss Tempest's entrance in the first act will be strikingly novel.

Not to be outdone, Pauline Hall has decided to stage at about the same time, if not sooner, a new operetta with music by W. W. Furtz, and with libretto by C. M. S. McLellan, in which her first appearance will be made upon a cart drawn by a pack of dogs.

I have yet to hear from Lillian Russell.

K.

HORSE NOTES

IN spite of the fact that their club house was razed to the ground, the hardy polo players of the Rockaway team were on the field at the appointed time last week to play for the Alden cup, the original of which was burned at the club house fire. The cup has been replaced with another one equally handsome, and the Rockaway men were out to win it if possible. They were heavily handicapped and this helped to lose the game for them. The Meadowbrook team, the other contestants for the cup, were captained by Oliver W. Bird, and after a lively game won by three points. The game was played on the grounds of the Rockaway club, and although the hospitable little club house was missing, a large canvas tent was made to serve the same purpose.

From the third goal of the first period to the finish, the Rockaways showed that they were the more skilful players, for they outplayed their opponents, owing to the clever work of Mr. Cowdin, who seemed to have the knack of always being in the right place when any of the players on his team played to him to make a goal. The individual work was remarkably good on both sides, but the lack of good, hard team practice was evident. In one of the wild rushes of the bunch, George Eustis was treated to a nasty cropper, and had his pony roll over him, but he was as game as a bulldog, and as soon as he recovered another pony was brought to him and away he went after the ball, showing by some clever backstrokes that the shake-up had not done him much harm.

When the game was ended the Rockaway players had eight goals to their credit, while the Meadowbrooks had but four. The latter gained seven by handicap and were therefore declared the victors.

The final game for the cup was played on the same grounds two days later, the contestants this time being the Westchesters and the Meadowbrooks. As in the former game, the handicap told heavily, and on this occasion as in the other, the game was won by the poorest players, on account of the handicap of the winners of the previous game. The game was a remarkable one in many ways, for as originally made up, the handicap would have been in favor of the Meadowbrook team. At the last moment, however, the handicap was swung over to the other side, and this alone won the non-existent cup for the Westchester team. Then, too, the game was begun in all the splendor of a sunny afternoon, and in the presence of a large and fashionable audience, but at the end of the last period there was scarcely a corporal's guard left on the field, for the sun had deserted the players, and in its place came a mass of dark clouds which burst over the polo field, and poured down their store of rain. But this mattered nothing to the players, for they were there to do or die for the Alden cup, and did not mind a severe drenching. It is evident, from the conditions under which the game was played, that the players are enthusiasts. The last period was not opened until a quarter past seven, and the field by that time was more like a slough than a piece of ground on which polo players would meet. The light was so poor that the ball was almost invisible, and on this account some bungling was done. The handicap decided the game, each club having earned seven goals.

A new driving park is talked of in trotting circles, and if the committee appointed by the New York Driving Club can come to an agreement with the Charter Oak Club's committee, there is every probability of the scheme being brought through. If the project is carried out the clubs will look for a piece of land, suitable for the purpose, somewhere beween Fleetwood and Morris Parks, and there give an annual spring and summer meeting. The New York Club's lease on the Fleetwood Park property expires in the autumn of 1894, so a new track will have to be secured by 1895. The events of the summer meeting of the Charter Oak Club will be decided over the Fleetwood track this year, and as an unusually large attendance is expected the bluff just north of the club house will be pressed into service. A large temporary stand is to be erected on the bluff, for the present stand is awkwardly placed for seeing either the start or finish.

That great pacer, Saladin, has again demonstrated that at present he is as good as anybody's horse, for he has broken another record — this time the world's record for stallions at a mile. The feat was performed over the kite-shaped track at Kirkwood, Delaware. An old horseman who was present when the record was broken, and who knew that the readers of Vogue would be interested in the performance, sends the following description of the race:

"When Saladin was brought out in front of the stand the crowd gave him a hearty welcome, for they expected that the meeting between him and Mascot would result in some record-smashing. One false score and then Colonel Edwards shouted, 'Go!' Up the track the racers went with the speed of the wind, Saladin's nose showing in front. At the quarter the watches ticked off 0.30½. As they neared the pole Andrews urged Mascot, and the latter responded, capturing the pole and leading Saladin by three lengths at the half. A look at the watches caused the timers to think that their time pieces were slow, for the split seconds recorded the half mile in 1.02. The tension was now strained, and the spectators whispered among themselves, 'Can they keep up that killing pace?' Rounding the curve, Green set sail for the leader, and the game black stallion came on with a burst of speed that fairly took the breath away from the spectators. The gap was closed and the three-quarters was passed in 1.34¼. But the black stallion had been taxed too much, and as he was about to pass Mascot he broke. A mighty shout went up from the stand, for it was thought that the race was all over, but the shout was changed to a cheer, for with one mighty pull and a kind word, Green had Saladin on his feet again, and then began the race in earnest for the $5,000. When the seven-eighth pole was passed Green drew his whip for the first time and the noble black's wonder drew out and passed the wire a winner by three lengths, having broken the world's record for the distance, and making it 2.05¾.

"In my time I have seen many game trotting races, but the race between Mascot and Saladin was the best that I have ever witnessed, and that means one of the best three ever run in this country."

What has become of our steeplechasers? Have they been swallowed by an earthquake or are they holding off for million dollar purses? The American Hunt and Pony Racing Association ought to wake them up and let us have some sport at Meadowbrook or Richmond County, Staten Island. On this subject more anon

Albert C. Greene, a widely known and very popular horseman of the eastern section, died last week at his home in Tiverton, Massachusetts. Mr. Greene had a large breeding farm in Kentucky, another in Indiana and an extensive stable of trotters at Tiverton. He was the owner of Jay Gould, which sold for $30,000, and of General Green which brought $10,000.

As a result of the World's Fair, the five thousand and more prominent families of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and Chicago, whose summer addresses are given in the August issue of the Social Register, show a falling off in departures to Europe of 45 per cent. as compared to last summer, and an increase in return arrivals of 30 per cent. Three hundred and sixty-seven families are nevertheless summering abroad and the addresses of their bankers are given. Two thousand three hundred and forty-eight are residing inland, and two thousand one hundred and sixty-two are at the seashore.

Of the inland resorts three hundred and ninety-seven families are in New Jersey between Orange and Morristown; ninety-seven at Lenox, and one thousand five hundred and thirty-two in New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland and the West. At the seashore, nine hundred and two families are to be found on the Sound and on Long Island; three hundred and thirteen are at Newport; three hundred and eighty-nine on the New England coast between Newport and Bar Harbor; two hundred and eleven on the Jersey Coast between Seabright and Atlantic City; one hundred and ninety-one are at Bar Harbor, and forty tour at Narragansett.

One hundred and forty persons have been married since the 1st of May.